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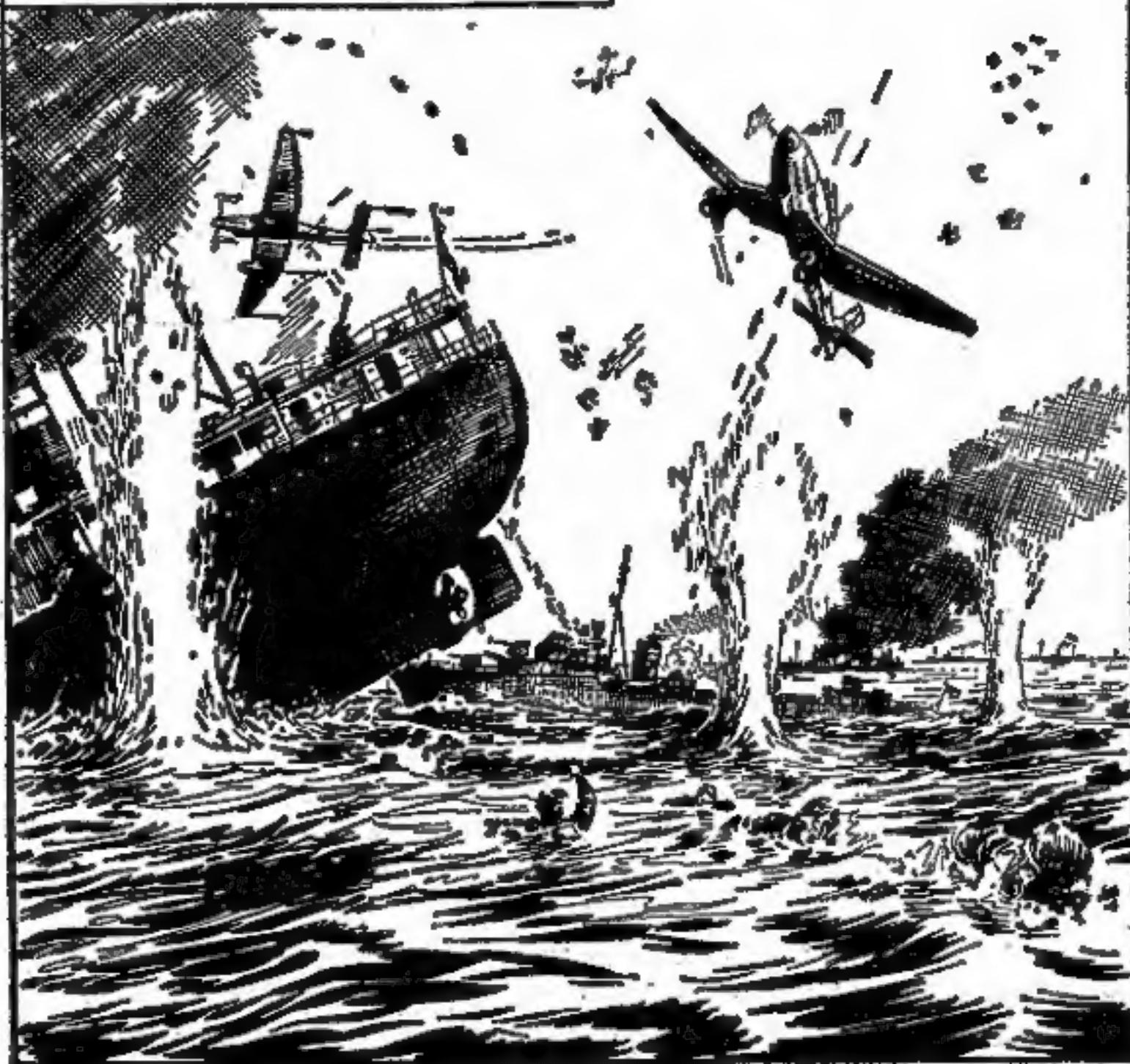
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Lot No. P.27

TEETH OF THE SHARK

IN THEIR GALLANT ATTEMPTS TO CARRY VITAL FOOD AND AMMUNITION SUPPLIES TO WAR-ENCIRCLED MALTA, ROYAL NAVY MEN AND MERCHANT SEAMEN FOUND THEMSELVES COMRADES-IN-ARMS FOR THEIR CONVOYS RAN A MERCILESS GAUNTLET OF GERMAN BOMBS. THOSE WHO SURVIVED CALLED THE MALTA RUN "A GLIMPSE OF HELL"...



Chapter 1. New Command

IT TAKES ALL KINDS OF MEN TO FIGHT A WAR.
THE BRAVE, THE STRONG, THE FRIGHTENED, THE
HONEST, THE AMBITIOUS. THERE WAS LITTLE
DOUBT INTO WHICH CATEGORY HENRY JACKSON
SHARP FITTED.



COMMANDER SHARP BRACED HIMSELF AT HIS DESK
AS IF HE WERE ON THE BRIDGE OF THE SHIPS HE
HAD NEVER COMMANDED.



Teeth Of The Shark

5

THE ANTICIPATORY GLEAM
IN THE WATERY EYES OF
HENRY JACKSON SHARP
BOODED ILL FOR THE
OFFICERS AND MEN OF HIS
NEW COMMAND.



ONE OF THE SUBMARINES OF SHARP'S NEW
COMMAND WAS AT THAT MOMENT NEARING
HER BASE.



Teeth Of The Shark

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER HAWKE GAVE A WRY SMILE AND LOOKED KEENLY AT HIS YOUNG FIRST LIEUTENANT.



I'VE RECOMMENDED YOU FOR COMMAND, TOM. SHE'LL BE IN YOUR HANDS FROM NOW ON.



TOM STOREY BEGAN TO STAMMER HIS THANKS BUT THE OLDER MAN SILENCED HIM GRUFFLY.



I'VE ARRANGED A TRAINING EXERCISE FOR FIRST LIGHT, TOMORROW. THERE ARE SEVERAL THINGS TO BE BRUSHED UP BEFORE THE NEW C.O. ARRIVES.



BUT YOU'RE LEAVING US TONIGHT, SIR ...

Teeth Of The Shark

MOORING LINES WERE SNAKING BETWEEN SUBMARINE AND QUAYSIDE NOW. LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER HAWKE'S LAST VOYAGE WAS OVER.



THE FOLLOWING MORNING AT FIRST LIGHT, TOM STOREY PROUDLY CONNED H.M. SUBMARINE TUDOR FROM HER MOORINGS AND HEADED HER FOR THE OPEN SEA. IT WAS A SAD MAN WHO STOOD ON THE JETTY, WATCHING HER GO ...



8 Teeth Of The Shark

THERE FOLLOWED A HARD DAY'S TRAINING FOR THE CREW WITH DIFFERENT ASPECTS OF AN OPERATIONAL SUBMARINE'S ACTIVITIES BEING TESTED TO THE FULL.

NOT BAD,
LADS. A BIT SLOW
THERE, NUMBER
TWO!

A GOOD
PLOT, NAV. WE'RE
BANG ON TARGET.
OKAY, CHIEF - TAKE
HER UP!

DIVE! DIVE!
DIVE!

Teeth Of The Shark

9

IT WAS A VERY TIRED CREW THAT TOM BROUGHT BACK TO BASE THAT EVENING. BUT EVEN AS THEY TIED UP, THEY WERE RUDELY WELCOMED BY THE STENTORIAN VOICE OF COMMANDER SHARP.

NICE OF YOU TO CALL ON US, MISTER STOREY! STAND DOWN YOUR CREW AND REPORT TO MY OFFICE AT ONCE!



THE INCENSED C.O. STOMPED OFF ALONG THE JETTY TOWARDS HIS OFFICE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SQUARE, LEAVING A PUZZLED AND APPREHENSIVE YOUNG LIEUTENANT STARING AFTER HIM.

BLOW ME DOWN! THAT MUST BE THE NEW C.O. SOUNDS AS IF I'M FOR THE HIGH JUMP...



Teeth Of The Shark

WHEN HE REPORTED TO THE COMMANDER'S OFFICE, TOM CAME IN FOR THE FULL BLAST OF HIS COMMANDING OFFICER'S DISAPPROVAL...

NOW THEN, YOUNG MAN.
I ARRIVE ON THIS STATION,
FIND YOU AND YOUR SHIP HAVE
PUT TO SEA. NO-ONE KNOWS
WHERE THE DEVIL YOU ARE.
YOU'VE GOT SOME EXPLAINING
TO DO, BY HEAVENS!

BUT, SIR, WE'VE BEEN OUT
ON AN EXERCISE. WE LEFT BEFORE
DAWN. WE DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE
ARRIVING TODAY...

COMMANDER SHARP SNORTED ANGRILY...

YOU DIDN'T KNOW? YOU SHOULD
HAVE MADE IT YOUR BUSINESS TO KNOW.
I WILL NOT TOLERATE SUCH SLACKNESS.
I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU HAVE BEEN
RECOMMENDED FOR COMMAND...

Y-YES, SIR.
LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER
HAWKE DID...

Teeth Of The Shark

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ONCE MORE, TOM STOREY WAS RUDELY SILENCED.

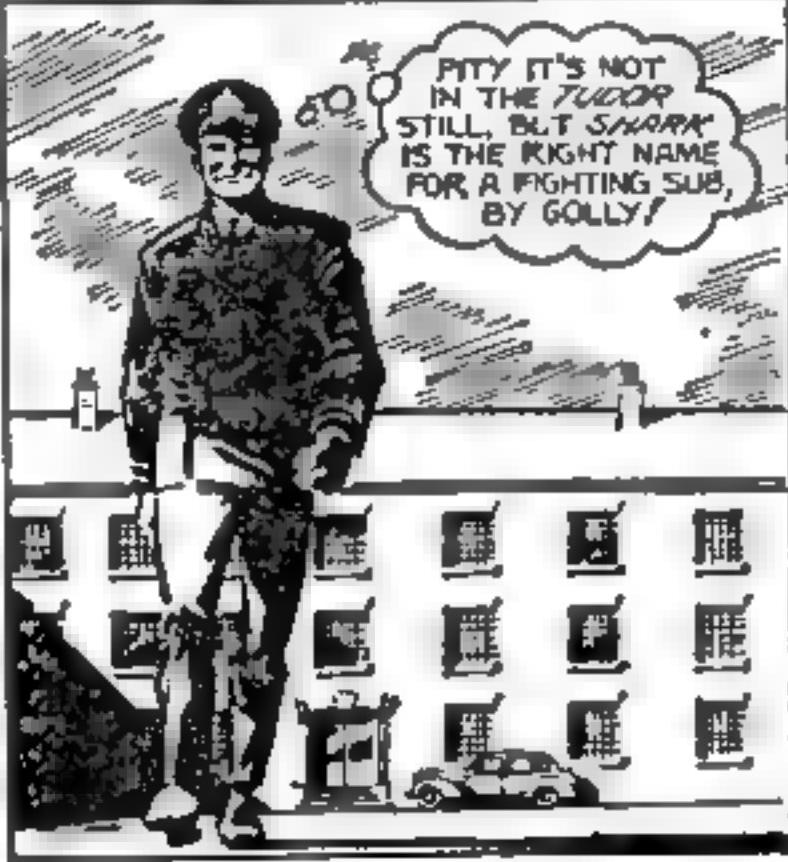
VERY WELL, LIEUTENANT STOREY, YOU SHALL HAVE THE COMMAND YOU DESERVE. H.M.S. SHARK—SHE'S LYING AT INVERGORDON. YOU WILL LEAVE FIRST THING IN THE MORNING...



AYE AYE, SIR —
ER — THANK YOU, SIR.

TOO RELIEVED TO COME OUT OF THAT STORMY INTERVIEW WITH A COMMANDER AFTER ALL, TOM DID NOT THINK TO WONDER AT HIS C.O.'S SEEMING CHANGE OF HEART.

PITY IT'S NOT
IN THE TUDOR
STILL, BUT SHARK
IS THE RIGHT NAME
FOR A FIGHTING SUB,
BY GOLLY!



NEXT DAY, HOWEVER, IN THE LOCKED COMPARTMENT OF A NORTH-BOUND TRAIN, TOM TOOK ADVANTAGE OF HIS SOLITUDE TO READ THE SECRET PAPERS ...

SHE'S NOT A FIGHTING SUB, AFTER ALL. JUST AN OLD TRAINING-BOAT — NO ARMAMENT EXCEPT THE THREE POINT SEVEN FORWARD TORPEDO TUBES SEALED OFF! WE'RE TO CARRY SUPPLIES TO OPERATIONAL SUBS! OH NO!



WORSE WAS TO COME ...

In accordance with this policy H.M.S. SHARK will be based on Malta and will be used to ferry stores and ammunition to operational craft on patrol. SHARK will remain at the greatest possible depth... surfacing only to transfer her cargo when a rendezvous is effected.

To avoid any breach of security, Their Lordships have indicated that SHARK should carry a normal submarine's complement of Torpedomen, Gunnery Rates and so on. But these Ratings need not have reached a high standard of proficiency.

AT BIRKINHEAD, TOM STOREY GOT HIS FIRST GLIMPSE OF H.M.S. SHARK. IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE SCRUFFIEST BOAT IN THE SUBMARINE SERVICE!



Teeth Of The Shark

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BEFORE HE HAD EVEN STEPPED ABOARD, TOM RAN UP AGAINST ONE OF HIS MAKESHIFT CREW...



SMARTEN YOURSELF UP,
MAN - YOU'RE A DISGRACE! NOW
GET MY THINGS SHIFTED ABOARD AND
TELL THE DUTY OFFICER THE
NEW CAPTAIN HAS ARRIVED. MOVE!

TOM'S MEETING WITH THE FIRST OF HIS
OFFICERS WAS JUST AS UNPLEASANT.
THE DUTY OFFICER, WAS SUB-LIEUTENANT
SANDY BARO . . .

WELCOME ABOARD,
SIR. YOU'LL BE THE NEW
OWNER, NO DOUBT.



GOOD HEAVENS!
CAN THIS BE THE DUTY
OFFICER? THE BLIGHTER'S
HALF ASLEEP?

Teeth Of The Shark

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TOM WISELY DECIDED TO FOLLOW THE EXAMPLE OF THE GREATEST SAILOR OF ALL TIMES, HORATIO NELSON. HE TURNED A BLIND EYE...



YOU CANNOT POSSIBLY BE THE DUTY OFFICER, AS YOU HAVE OBVIOUSLY BEEN SLEEPING... AND NAVAL OFFICERS ARE NEVER ASLEEP ON DUTY. GET BELOW, I'LL SEE THE REAL DUTY OFFICER WHEN HE COMES OFF WATCH TOMORROW MORNING!

TOM WON THE UNDYING RESPECT AND ADMIRATION OF A MUCH-CHASTENED SANDY THE NEXT DAY, WHEN HE CONTINUED THE PRETENCE OF THE NIGHT BEFORE - BUT WITH AN UNMISTAKABLE NOTE OF WARNING IN HIS VOICE.



WHEN I ARRIVED ON BOARD LAST NIGHT, SOME LOUT TRIED TO PASS HIMSELF OFF AS THE DUTY OFFICER! FORTUNATELY FOR HIM, IT WAS TOO DARK FOR ME TO SEE HIS FACE. I LOOK TO YOU TO SEE THAT THIS DOES NOT OCCUR AGAIN.

AYE AYE, SIR.
I'LL-ER-ATTEND TO IT! IT'LL NO' HAPPEN AGAIN, SIR.

FIVE MINUTES LATER, TOM SAW HIS NEW SHIP'S COMPANY FOR THE FIRST TIME. THEY WERE, AS HIS OLD TRAINING SCHOOL C.P.O.'S USED TO SAY, "ORRIBLE!"

SHIP'S COMPANY
MUSTERED READY FOR YOUR
INSPECTION, SIR.



A CLOSER VIEW OF THE SHIFTLESS BUNCH DECIDED
TOM THAT THIS WAS THE TIME TO GET TOUGH!



Teeth Of The Shark

WALKING ALONG THE JETTY TOM QUESTIONED SANDY ABOUT SUB-LIEUTENANT WILSON, WHOSE ABSENCE FROM PARADE HE HAD NOTICED.

RIGHT ENGINES, I'M AFRAID THAT I SPOTTED THE ABSENCE OF OUR NAVIGATING OFFICER. I'LL WAGER THAT YOU'VE NO MORE IDEA WHERE HE IS THAN I HAVE.

YOU SEE, HE LIVES ASHORE, SIR, AND...



AS IF TO SAVE SANDY ANY FURTHER EMBARRASSMENT, THE MISSING NAVIGATOR CHOSE THAT VERY MOMENT TO TURN UP...

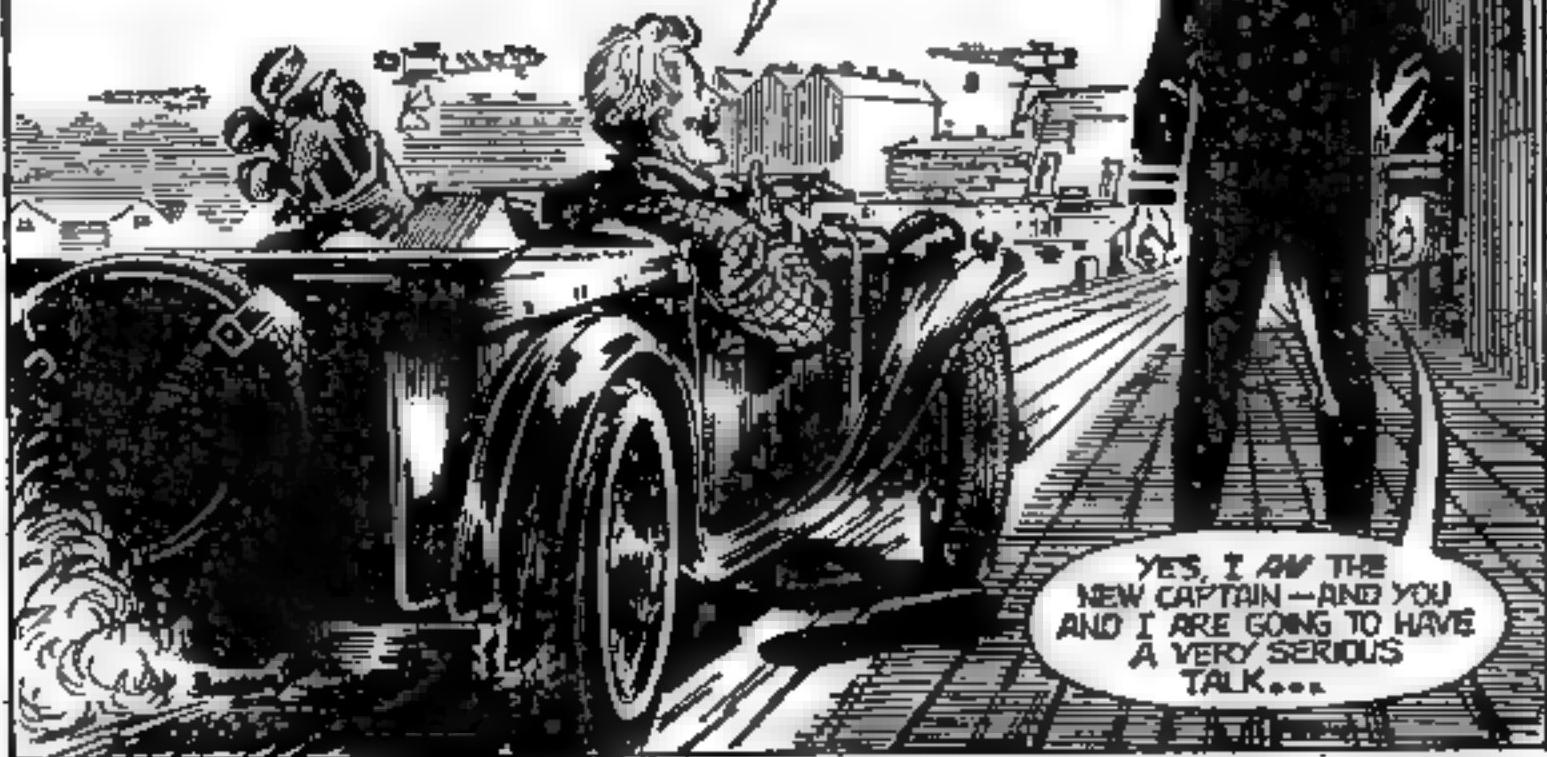
NEVER MIND! UNLESS I'M VERY MUCH MISTAKEN, HERE IS THE GENTLEMAN NOW! YOU CUT ALONG AND SEE TO THE PARADE. I'LL DEAL WITH THIS!

AYE AYE, SAWPER.



TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE,
REGGIE WILSON SEEMED TO
HAVE SOME STRANGE IDEAS
ABOUT THE RESPECT DUE
TO SENIOR OFFICERS.

I SAY, OLD FRUIT, ARE YOU
THE NEW SKIPPER? PLEASED TO
MEET YOU AND ALL THAT! HANG ON,
I'LL JUST PARK THE OLD
TIN-LIZZIE!



YES, I AM THE
NEW CAPTAIN—AND YOU
AND I ARE GOING TO HAVE
A VERY SERIOUS
TALK...



YOU CAN TURN
YOUR TIN-LIZZIE AROUND
AND DRIVE IT BACK TO
WHEREVER YOU'VE BEEN
HANGING OUT WHILE THE
REST OF THE SHIP'S COMPANY
HAVE ROUGHED IT ON BOARD.
REPORT TO ME THE MOMENT
YOU GET BACK! SELL THOSE
GOLF-CLUBS WHILE YOU'RE
AT IT—YOU WON'T NEED
THEM WHERE YOU'RE
GOING!

Teeth Of The Shark

AS HE WATCHED REGGIE HASTILY DRIVE OFF, TOM REALISED JUST HOW DIFFICULT IT WAS GOING TO BE, LICKING HIS SHAKY CREW INTO SHAPE.



FOR THE NEXT WEEKS, WHILE DOCKYARD WORKERS FINISHED THE JOB OF TURNING H.M.S. SHARK INTO AN UNDERWATER TRAMP STEAMER TOM DROVE HIS CREW UNMERCIFULLY. JUST WHEN THINGS WERE BEGINNING TO GO WELL, HE FOUND ANOTHER CRISIS ON HIS HANDS.



HE FOUND THE CHIEF TREMBLING AS IF IN A FEVER, HIS VOICE RAMBLING DELIRIOUSLY.



Teeth Of The Shark

19

C.P.O. GRUMSHAW WAS OBVIOUSLY IN A BAD WAY, SO TOM TOOK HIM BACK TO HIS OWN CABIN AND TRIED TO MAKE HIM TALK.



BUT THE OLD CHIEF WOULD NOT CONFIDE IN TOM - NOT YET?



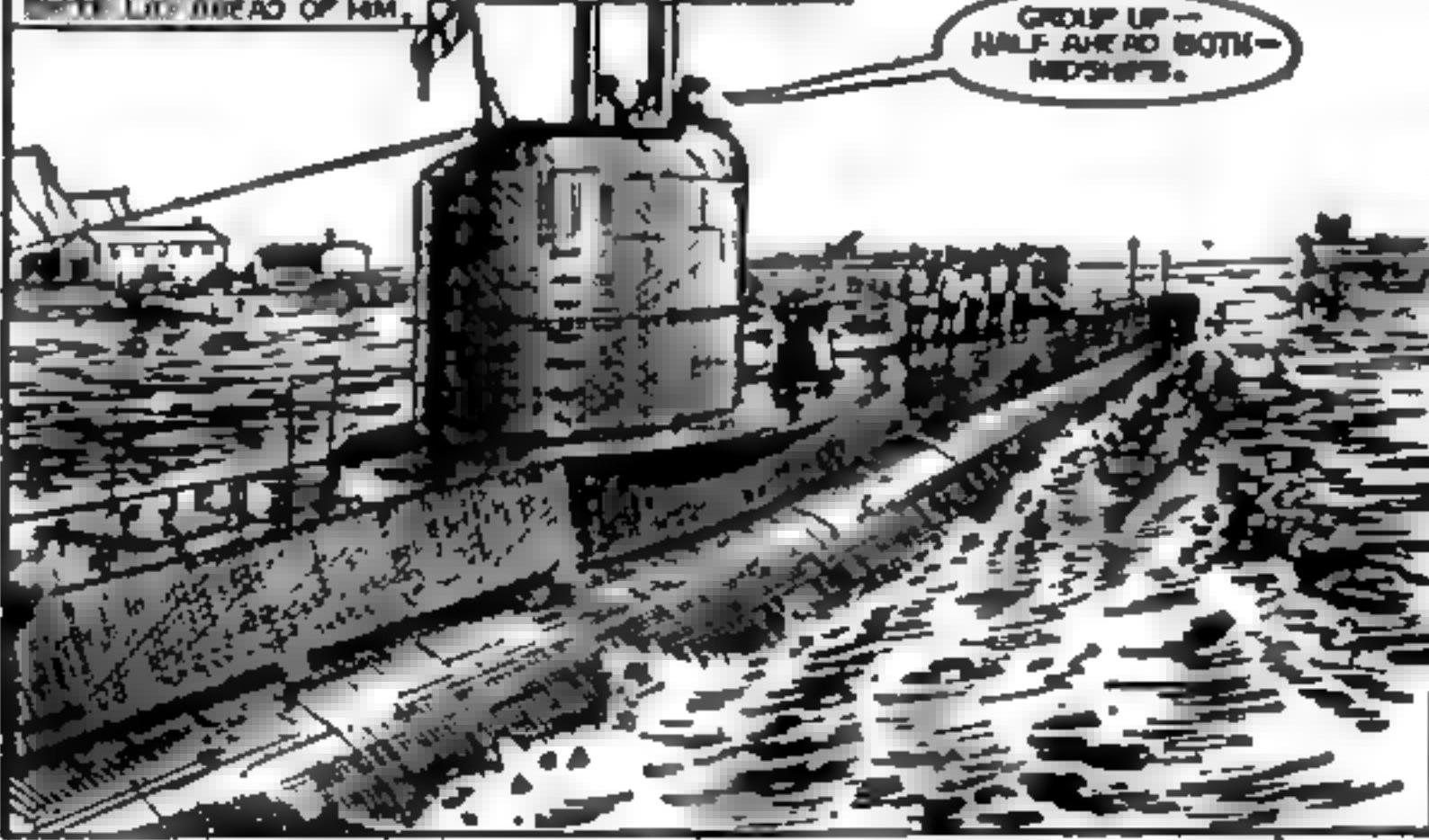
THE C.P.O. HAD SCARCELY LEFT WHEN H.M.S. SHARK'S SAILING ORDERS ARRIVED...



Teeth Of The Shark

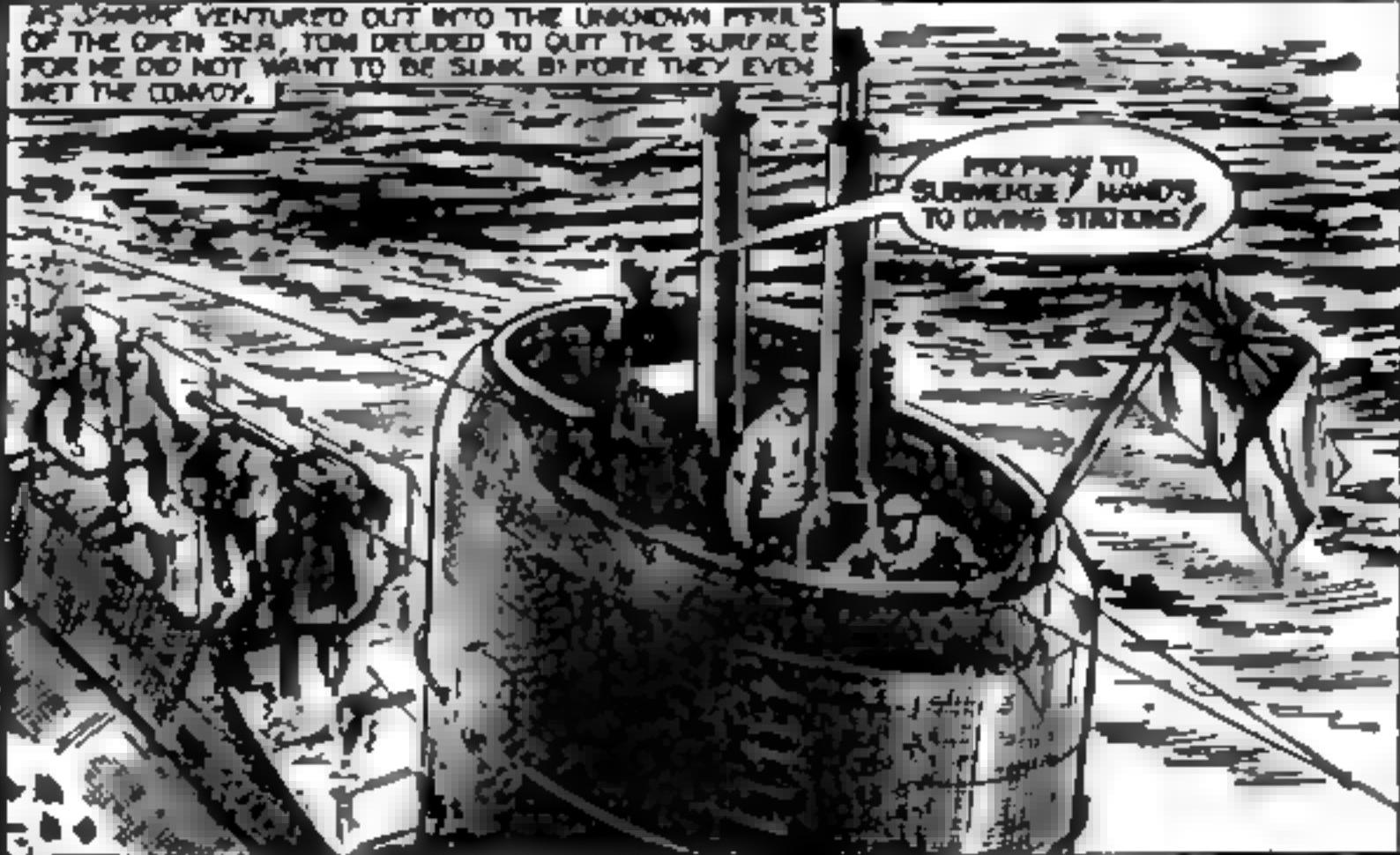
COMING THE AGED SUBMARINE OUT OF HARBOUR, TOM KNEW THAT THE FULL EXTENT OF COMMANDER SHARP'S BRAVE LIE AHEAD OF HIM.

GROUP UP — HALF AND TO BOTH SIDES.



AS SHARP VENTURED OUT INTO THE UNKNOWN PERILS OF THE OPEN SEA, TOM DECIDED TO QUIT THE SURFACE FOR HE DID NOT WANT TO BE SUNK BEFORE THEY EVEN MET THE CONVOY.

PREPARE TO SUBMERGE / HANDS TO DIVING STANDES /



Chapter 2. Dangerous Passage

SOON AFTER THE SUBMARINE'S ARRIVAL AT THE ASSEMBLY POINT, CONVOY P.Z. 81 HEADED SOUTH, DOWN THE EAST COAST TOWARDS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.



THEY PLODDED ALONG AT A MERE FIVE OR SIX KNOTS, THE SPEED SET BY THE SLOWEST OLD TRAMP STEAMER ...

IF WE REDUCE SPEED ANY FURTHER, PILOT, WE'LL BE PINCHED FOR PARKING. TAKE OVER THE WATCH, WILL YOU? I'D LIKE TO HAVE A WALK ROUND BELOW DECKS ...



AYE RYE,
SKIPPER.

DOWN IN THE CONTROL ROOM - TOM'S FIRST CALL - HE WAS SURPRISED TO FIND AN ABLE SEAMAN ON THE WHEEL ...



I'M RELIEVING THE COX'N, SIR. HE'S A BIT OFF-COLOUR. GONE TO LIE DOWN IN HIS CABIN.

Teeth Of The Shark

WHEN HE HAD FINISHED HIS TOUR, TOM FETCHED THE OLD CHIEF UP ON DECK ON THE PRETENCE OF INSPECTING SHARK'S AFTER CASING.

SHE SEEMS TO BE SEAWORTHY ENOUGH, CHIEF. I NOTICED THAT THOMPSON WAS TAKING YOUR TRICK ON THE WHEEL. IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO? WHY DON'T YOU GET IT OFF YOUR CHEST?



SLOWLY, RELUCTANTLY, AT FIRST, THEN IN A SPATE OF WORDS, GRIMSHAW TOLD TOM THE WHOLE STORY OF HIS SHAME—OF HIS TWO SUB DISASTERS AND HIS LOST NERVE.

IT IS, SIR. TWICE MY SUBS'VE GONE DOWN—
AND MOST OF THE LADS WITH THEM. IT'S 'ORRIBLE, SIR! THE THIRD TIME...

NO REASON WHY THERE SHOULD BE A THIRD TIME, CHIEF—if we all do our jobs properly...



SUDDENLY TOM'S WORDS WERE INTERRUPTED BY
A HAIL FROM THE CONNING TOWER ...

SIGNAL FROM
THE FLAGSHIP, SIR -
AIRCRAFT WARNING
RED!

RIGHT, ROGERS. ASK
MISTER WILSON TO BRING
THE HANDS TO ACTION
STATIONS! CHIEF - GET
ON THAT WHEEL AND KEEP
US OUT OF TROUBLE,
WILL YOU?

AYE AYE,
SIR! I'LL DO
MY BEST!

BY THE TIME TOM GAINED THE CONNING PLATFORM,
THE FIRST ENEMY AIRCRAFT HAD BEEN SIGHTED.

WHAT
ARE THEY
SKIPPER?

HARD TO TELL AT THIS RANGE,
NAV. PROBABLY CONDORS FROM ONE
OF THE COASTAL AIRSTRIPS IN NORWAY..
ANYWAY, WE'LL SOON KNOW...

Teeth Of The Shark

BOMBS BEGAN TO GEYSER INTO THE SEA AROUND THE MERCHANT SHIPS — AND CLOSE TO SHARK'S SLEEK STEEL SIDES, TOO.

HARD-A-PORT—
GROUP UP—FULL
AHEAD, BOTH
ENGINES!

FOR PETE'S SAKE
GET THAT GUN INTO
ACTION!



THE OLD SUB STARTED TO TURN — BUT FAR TOO SLOWLY. ONE STICK OF BOMBS NEARLY HAD HER.



CHIEF!
YOU'LL HAVE TO BE
QUICKER THAN THAT.
WE'RE RELYING ON
YOU!

THE LAST THING CHIEFY WANTED WAS TO CATCH ANOTHER PACKET. FRANTICALLY HE SPUN THE WHEEL. PERHAPS THOSE FEW WORDS OF TRUST AND RELIANCE PUT THE OLD COX'N ON HIS METtle AND BANISHED THE NAGGING FEARS FOR THE MOMENT.

COME ON,
YOU UGLY GREAT
SARDINE — GET
ROUND!



THE NEXT INVASIVE TURN WAS SHEER
COPY-BOOK STUFF.

THAT'S FINE /
WE MIGHT COME OUT
OF THIS ALIVE—
YET!

THE MAN'S A
MAGICIAN! A FEW
MAGIC WORDS AND CHEFY
TURNS THE OLD TUB
ON A TANNER!

AT LAST, THE GUN'S CREW OPENED FIRE—
BUT MUCH TOO LATE, FOR THE BOMBERS
WERE ALREADY MAKING OFF. A FLIGHT OF
SPITFIRES HAD ARRIVED.

GUN'S CREW—CHECK, CHECK,
CHECK / CEASE FIRING — TRAIN
FORE AND AFT! THE R.A.F. BOYS
DON'T TAKE KINDLY TO BEING
SHOT DOWN BY THE NAVY!

BUT THE SHARK'S TARDY GUNNERY
HAD BEEN NOTICED BY THE FLAGSHIP,
THE CRUISER, H.M.S. BANKSHIRE.

SIGNALMAN — MAKE
TO THAT SUBMARINE. "WHY
SO LONG IN OPENING
FIRE?"

AYE AYE,
SIR.

TOM TOOK A CHANCE AND COVERED UP
FOR HIS RAGGED CREW, AN ACT OF
KINDNESS WHICH DID NOT GO UNNOTICED
BY THEM.

WHAT'S THE OLD
MAN SENDING, SCOUSE?
IS HE DROPPING US IN
THE SOUP?

...ER... SORRY FOR... DELAY. STOP. BAD...
JAM... NOW... CLEARED. STOP. NO MATE, HE'S
NOT DROPPED US IN IT. HE'S COVERED UP FOR US!
CHALKY, THIS GUN'S CREW'S GOING TO BE THE BEST IN
THE FLEET. WE'VE GOT TO BACK THE SKIPPER
UP — HE'S A GOOD-'UN!

THE BANKSHIRE'S CAPTAIN WAS NOT FOOLED. BUT HE KNEW A LITTLE ABOUT THE SHARK—AND HER CREW.



'BAD JAM' EH?
I SHOULD THINK SO! IT'S
THAT SUB'S SKIPPER WHO'S IN
A JAM. HE'LL NEED A LARGE
SLICE OF LUCK BEFORE WE
REACH MALTA!

P.Z. 81 WAS HALF-WAY TO GIBRALTAR WHEN
THE FIRST OF THE BOMBING RAIDS BEGAN.
THE STUKAS PLUMMETED DOWN, SEEMINGLY
IMPERVIOUS TO THE CURTAIN OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT
FIRE THAT DOTTED THE SKY...



Teeth Of The Shark

BRACKETED BY EXPLODING BOMBS,
AKA S. SHAGGY BOBBED ON THE
WATER LIKE A CORK.

COULDNT WE
TAKE HER DOWN,
SKIPPER — GIVE THIS
LOT A MISS FOR A
WHILE?

SORRY, NOV. IT'S A NICE THOUGHT, BUT
WITH ALL THIS PANIC WE'D PROBABLY BE
ON THE RECEIVING END OF A PATTER OF
BRITISH DEPTH CHARGES!

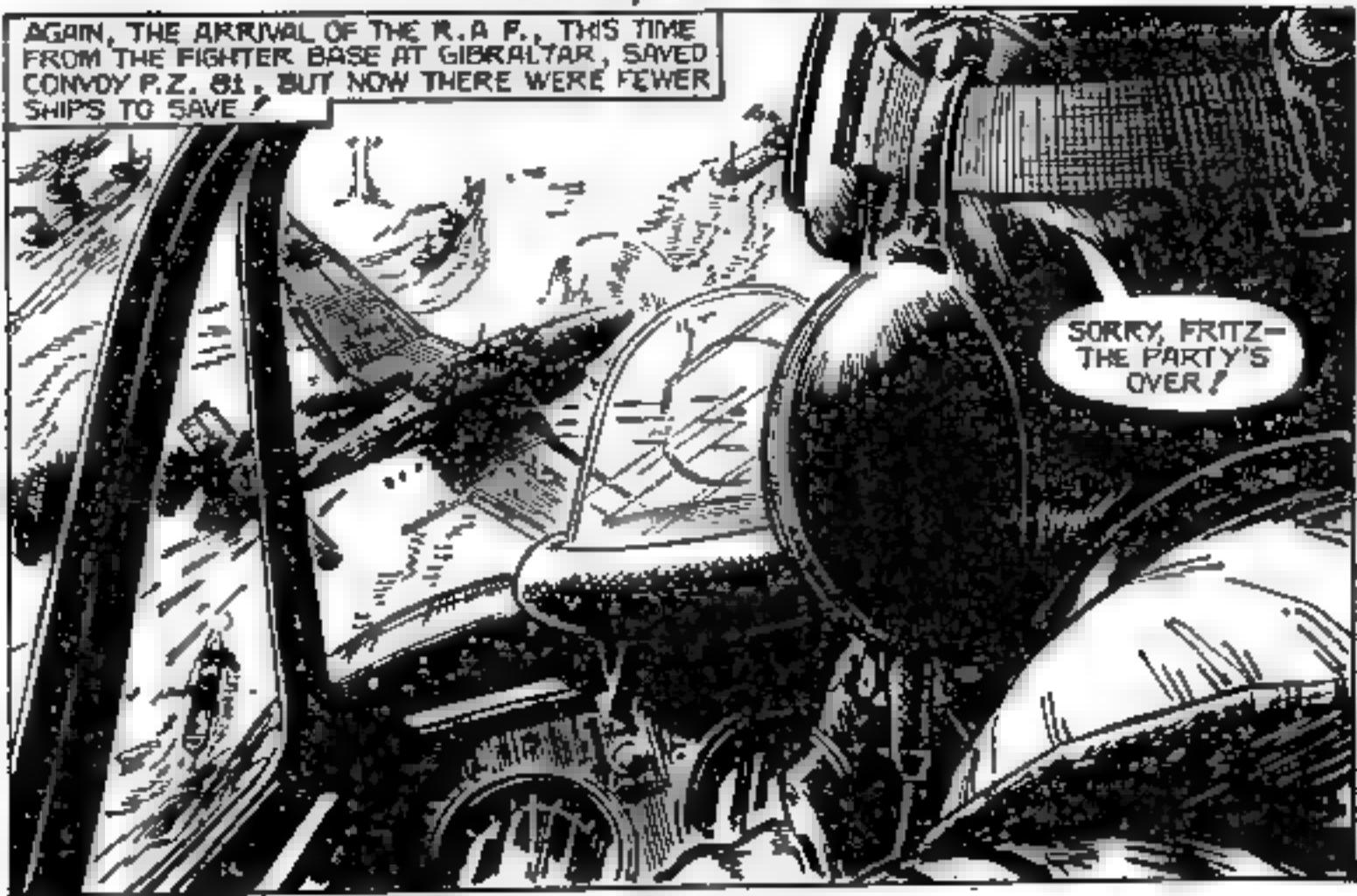


THE ENEMY WAS NOT GETTING IT
ALL HIS OWN WAY, OF COURSE...

GOT 'IM!
NEXT, PLEASE.



AGAIN, THE ARRIVAL OF THE R.A.F., THIS TIME FROM THE FIGHTER BASE AT GIBRALTAR, SAVED CONVOY P.Z. 81, BUT NOW THERE WERE FEWER SHIPS TO SAVE.



GIBRALTAR. PEACE FOR A FEW DAYS, FOR THOSE WHO HAD SURVIVED THUS FAR.

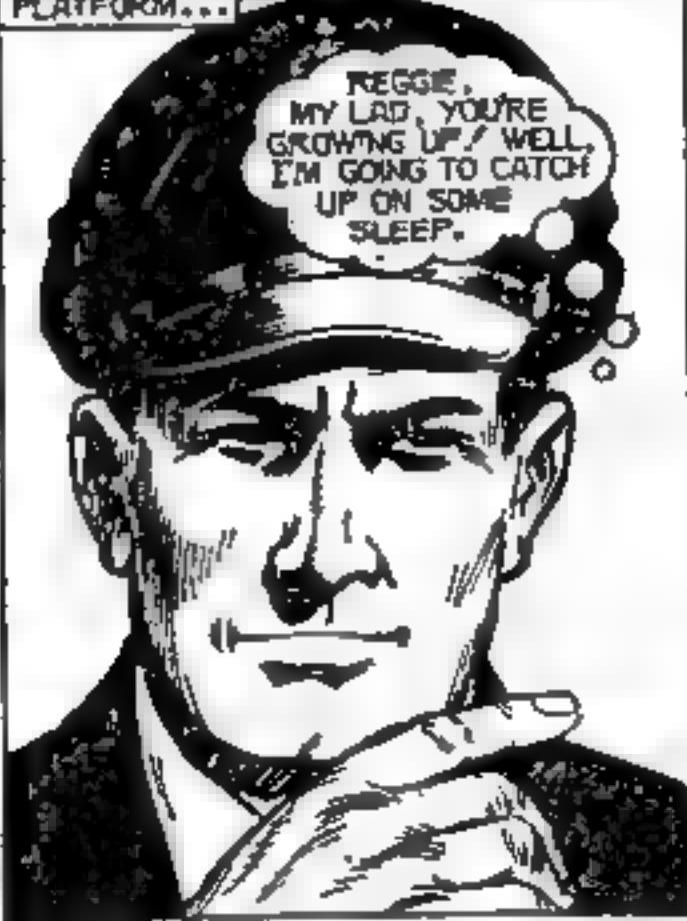
I EXPECT YOU'LL BE DASHING OFF TO SOME RATHER SMART COCKTAIL PARTY AT THE BIGGEST HOTEL, EH, NAV?

WELL AS A MATTER OF FACT, SKIPPER, I'VE ARRANGED TO TAKE CHIEFY AND A FEW OF THE LADS FOR A MEAL. THEY'RE A GOOD BUNCH!



TOM GRINNED WITH PLEASURE AS SUB-LIEUTENANT WILSON LEFT THE CONNING PLATFORM...

REGGIE,
MY LAD, YOU'RE GROWING UP! WELL, I'M GOING TO CATCH UP ON SOME SLEEP.



Teeth Of The Shark

TO CELEBRATE THEIR BRIEF RESPITE FROM DEATH, THE CREWS OF ALL SHIPS, ROYAL NAVY AND MERCHANT NAVY, SET OUT TO ENJOY THE DELIGHTS OF GIBRALTAR'S MAIN STREET.



SHORE PATROLS AND MILITARY POLICE STARED AT THE REVELLERS WITH UNSEEING EYES. IT WAS POINTLESS ARRESTING MEN WHO MIGHT BE DEAD BEFORE THEIR CHARGES WERE READ OUT!



MOST OF THE SAILORS HAD DONE ENOUGH FIGHTING TO LAST THEM FOR A LONG TIME, BUT TOM MET SOME IN THE DOCKYARD WHO HAD NOT. IT SEEMED...

I'LL TEACH YOU TO CALL SHARK A ROTTEN GUNNERY SHIP...
OUCH!

SO SHE IS -
UGH - NOT FIT TO
SAIL WITH A FAST-
FIRING CRIMSON LIKE
THE BRA BRA...
OUCH!



HE RECOGNISED
SOME OF THE MEN
AS MEMBERS OF
HIS CREW...



Teeth Of The Shark

TOM'S TACTFUL APPROACH IMPRESSED THE GROUP—
FRIEND AND FOE ALIKE.

COR / YOUR SKIPPER'S A
PROPER GENT / I TAKE BACK ALL
I SAID ABOUT THE SHARK. LET'S
GO—I'D LIKE TO DRINK HIS
HEALTH!



YES, HE'S ALL RIGHT,
IS THE SKIPPER? THIS ISN'T
THE FIRST TIME HE'S LET US
OFF LIGHTLY.

BUT GIBRALTAR WAS ONLY A BREATHING
BETWEEN ROUNDS. THE CONVOY BEGAN
THE SECOND LEG OF ITS JOURNEY AND
ONCE CLEAR OF THE STRAITS OF
GIBRALTAR, THE NAZI VULTURES
SWOOPED AGAIN ...



ACHTUNG,
ACHTUNG! WE WILL
ATTACK IN FLIGHTS,
RED ONE LEADING,
TEN SECONDS
INTERVAL...



ON EVERY SHIP, FROM THE POWERFUL CRUISER TO THE SMALLEST MERCHANTMAN, GUN CREWS NERVED THEMSELVES FOR THE FRAY...

HERE THEY COME AGAIN / THE BLIGHTERS HAVEN'T WASTED MUCH TIME!

HANDS TO ACTION STATIONS / REPEL AIRCRAFT!

THIS TIME, SWARAY'S GUNNERS WERE AMONG THE FIRST TO CHALLENGE THE STUKAS.

WELL DONE, LADS / WE'VE BEATEN THE BANSHIRE TO IT. NOT SO MUCH 'AIM OFF', WHITE, AND I THINK YOU'LL HAVE HIM!

YOU HEARD, CHARKY— LET'S NAIL THIS ONE FOR THE SKIPPER!

Teeth Of The Shark

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SALVO AFTER SALVO THEY HURLED AT THE ATTACKING PLANES. AT LAST SAWYOR COULD SAY THAT SHE WAS EARNING HER KEEP! THREE MORE ROUNDS — AND THEN A HIT!



THE SUBMARINE'S GUN CREW WENT WILD WITH TRIUMPH...



DURING THE LONG HOURS OF DAYLIGHT, THE CONVOY CONTINUEDLY AND ONLY DARKNESS BROUGHT ANY RESpite.

SECURE FROM ACTION STATIONS, LADS — JERRY'S GONE HOME FOR THE NIGHT! WELL DONE, I'M PROUD OF YOU ALL. GET WHAT SLEEP YOU CAN NOW.



Teeth Of The Shark

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WITH THE FIRST GLIMMER OF DAWN, THOUGH, THE ENEMY RETURNED TO THE ASSAULT.

AIRCRAFT BEARING GREEN FOUR-FIVE - ANGLE OF SIGHT, THREE-O

CAN YOU SEE THEM, NAV? MY EYES ARE NOT USED TO THE LIGHT YET.

I SHOULD SAY SO SKIPPER! THERE'S ABOUT HALF THE GERMAN AIR FORCE OUT THERE!



EACH DAY, THE SUN ROSE ON FEWER SHIPS AND THERE WERE MANY HUNDREDS OF MILES TO COVER STILL.



Teeth Of The Shark

THEN, ONE MORNING ...

I DON'T LIKE IT, NAV /
HALFWAY THROUGH THE FORENOON
WATCH AND NO SIGN OF A JERRY
PLANE. OUR LITTLE PLAYMATES
ARE UP TO SOMETHING. I'LL BE
BOUND. WISH I KNEW WHAT
THEY WERE DOING...

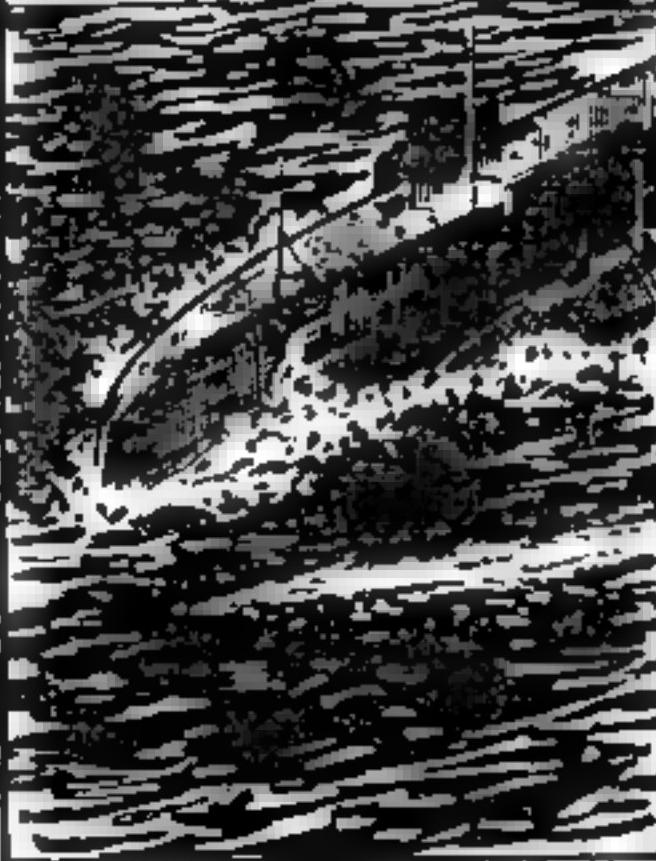
SUFFERING SNAKES!
TORPEDO TRACK TO PORT!
WE'RE BEING ATTACKED BY
U-BOATS!

A FAST MOVING, WHITE STREAK OF
FOAM WAS THE ONLY VISIBLE SIGN
OF THE DEADLY UNDERSEA MISSILE.

EMERGENCY
HARD-A-STANDBRD!
TORPEDO RUNNING PORT SIDE.
ALL HANDS, HANG ON!

COME ON,
CHIEFY-BRING
HER ROUND!

CHIEF PETTY OFFICER GRIMSHAW DID NOT FAIL HIS SKIPPER. THE GERMAN TORPEDO MISSED—BUT ONLY BY INCHES!



ON HER NEW COURSE, THE SUBMARINE GRADUALLY ROLLED BACK ON AN EVEN KEEL.



Y'KNOW, NAV.,
I'M BEGINNING TO THINK
THAT THIS OLD RATTLE-
TRAP IS LUCKY. WE'VE
BEEN THROUGH A LOT
SINCE WE LEFT SCOTLAND
— AND STILL NO
CASUALTIES!

BUT HE WAS IMMEDIATELY BROUGHT BACK TO THE BATTLE, AS A TANKER AHEAD STOPPED A GERMAN TORPEDO.

Poor devils!
She's another well be
leaving behind, I reckon.
Better go alongside her, nav—
there may be something
we can do.



Teeth Of The Shark

AS SHAFRAZ DREW SLOWLY UP TO THE CRIPPLED TANKER, A MERCHANT SEAMAN, STILL DAZED BY THE SHOCK OF THE EXPLOSION, MISTOOK HER FOR A GERMAN U-BOAT AND STUMBLLED OVER TO THE TANKER'S AFTER GUN...



NEXT SECOND, HOWEVER, ANOTHER TORPEDO PUNCHED INTO THE TANKER AND SHE EXPLODED IN A GIGANTIC, EYE-SEARING BALL OF FIRE.



NO-ONE COULD HAVE SURVIVED THAT TERRIBLE HOLOCAUST AND AS THE SUBMARINE SHEERED AWAY, THE TANKER TURNED OVER ON TO HER SIDE AND SLID BENEATH THE WAVES.



MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE FLAGSHIP,
THE ADMIRAL PONDERED A MUCH
DEEPER PROBLEM.



IT WOULD BE
A MOMENTOUS
GAMBLE . . .

HOWEVER, I'M SURE
YOU WILL AGREE THAT WITH
SO MUCH AT STAKE, GENTLEMEN,
WE REALLY HAVE NO CHOICE IN
THE MATTER. THE ESCORT WILL
BE WITHDRAWN IMMEDIATELY
AND WILL SAIL TO MEET
THE BLÜCHER!



Chapter 3. Lone Escort

SO SHARK, WITH ONE 3.7 INCH GUN,
WAS LEFT TO GUARD THE CONVOY...



TOM CONSULTED HIS NAVIGATOR...



Teeth Of The Shark

TWO AND A HALF DAYS BEFORE THEY COULD RELAX THEIR GUARD / TOM DECIDED TO POSITION SHARK IN THE CENTRE OF THE CONVOY. THAT WAY, THEY WOULD STAND AN EQUAL CHANCE OF MEETING ATTACK FROM ANY QUARTER . . .

RIGHT! NOW THAT WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE
WE'D BETTER BREAK ANOTHER RULE AND
BUNCH THEM UP TIGHTLY. WE DON'T WANT
TO LOSE ANY STRAGGLERS. BRING 'EM
IN CLOSER, SIGNALMAN.



BELOW DECKS, CHIEF PETTY OFFICER GRIMSHAW SENSED THE EXTREME GRAVITY OF THEIR SITUATION -- AND KNEW THAT HIS WORST ORDEAL WAS PROBABLY TO COME.



DARKNESS APPROACHED AND WITH THE COMING OF NIGHT, THE MEN OF CONVOY P.Z. 81 BEGAN TO FEEL SAFER. BUT, THIS TIME, THE INKY BLACKNESS HELD NEW TERRORS FOR THEM.



SUDDENLY, THE BLOW FELL...



THIS TIME THE CRY WAS "E-BOATS!" A FLOTILLA OF THE FAST, DEADLY SURFACE VESSELS HAD FOUND THE SLUGGISH MERCHANTMEN.

THEY HAVE NO ESCORTS!
WE WILL CUT THEM TO RIBBONS.
STAND BY TO ATTACK AGAIN!



Teeth Of The Shark

THE LOW SILHOUETTE OF THE SUBMARINE HAD ESCAPED THE E BOATS' NOTICE.

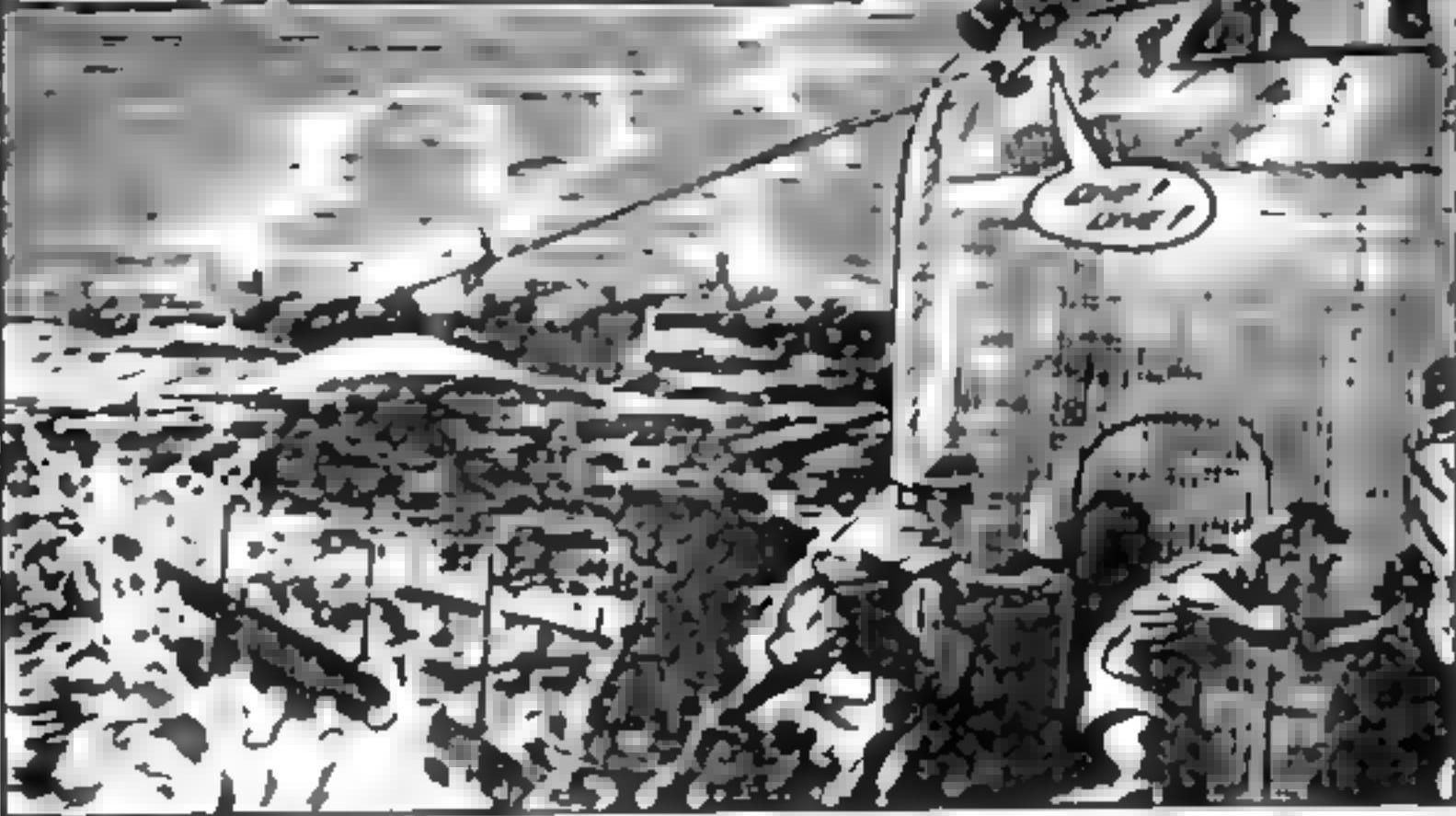
THEY'VE NOT SPOTTED US YET / WE MAY STILL BE ABLE TO HIT THEM WHERE IT HURTS / FULL AHEAD, BOTH ENGINES, GUN CREW, CLOSE UP!



THE LEADING E-BOAT IN ITS SIGHTS, SHARK'S SOLITARY GUN WENT INTO ACTION — WITH DEADLY ACCURATE EFFECT.



AS THE E-BOAT CENTER'S GUN OPENED FIRE AGAIN,
THE REST OF THE PIRATE TURNED TOWARDS THE JAPANESE.
TOM REACTED SWIFTLY...



THE PIRATES ARE NOW WITH THE
SURFACE AND TOM EXPLAINED TO HIS
CREW WHAT HE HAD IN MIND.



THESE E-BOATS CAN RUN
RIGHT AROUND US - ON THE SURFACE!
OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO GET BEHIND
THEM, SURFACE AND THEN NAIL THEM
WITH THE FURTHERGUN.

THE ONE CRITIC WAS TO GAIN THE FAVOUR
OF THE COUNTRY - TIME AND DISTANCE. FOR EVERY
300 MILES, EVERY TON OF THEIR SHIPS
BROUGHT THE MERCHANT SHIPS NEARER TO
DEATH.

I DON'T CARE IF THE OLD MOON IS ALL THAT
SKY HIGH AND YOU GO UP ON TOP OF YOUR
PRELAMS BULLETS. CHIP - I JUST HAVE
ONE 3 TEAM. THE LASTS ON THAT SUB.
WON'T BE ABLE TO KEEP THE JERRIES
OFF OUR NECKS FOR EVER.



OKAY, I'LL INCREASE
THE PRESSURE! HAVE YOU
MADE OUT YOUR WILL?

Teeth Of The Shark

IN THE CONTROL ROOM OF THE SUBMARINE, ALL THE CREW HAD NERVED THEMSELVES FOR THE INTRICATE MANEUVRING.

INTERCEPTION COURSE
O-TWO-O, COX'M.



IT WAS A DARING PLAN, NEEDING SPLIT-SECOND REACTION AND TIMING.



Teeth Of The Shark

47

WITH A KISS OF ESCAPING AIR, THE SUBMARINE BROKE SURFACE. SHE WAS HARDLY OUT OF THE WATER WHEN HER GUN CREW WERE RACING ALONG THE STEEL DECK.

THAT'S IT,
LADS! CATCH 'EM
BEFORE THEY
SPLIT US!

THE GUN CREW HAD NEVER WORKED SO FAST. THE SHELL WAS IN AND THE BREECH CLOSED IN RECORD TIME. THEM ...

FIRE!

48 Teeth Of The Shark

THE TRAILING E-BOAT CAUGHT THE SUBMARINE'S FIRST ROUND DEAD AMIDSHIPS. WITH AN EAR SPLITTING ROAR HER TORPEDOES EXPLODED...



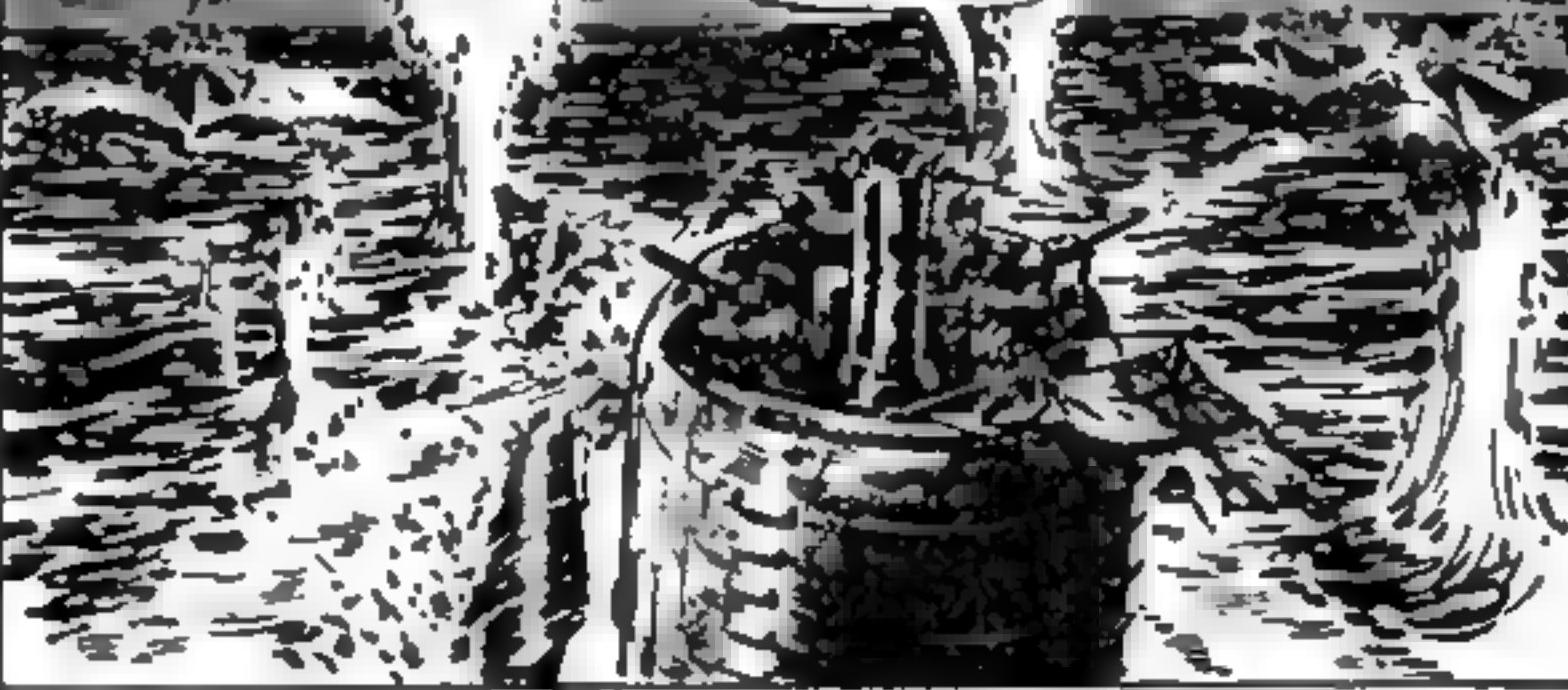
THE GUN CREW WERE JUBILANT AT THEIR SECOND SUCCESS - BUT ALREADY THEY HAD A FRESH TARGET IN THEIR SIGHTS ...



Teeth Of The Shark

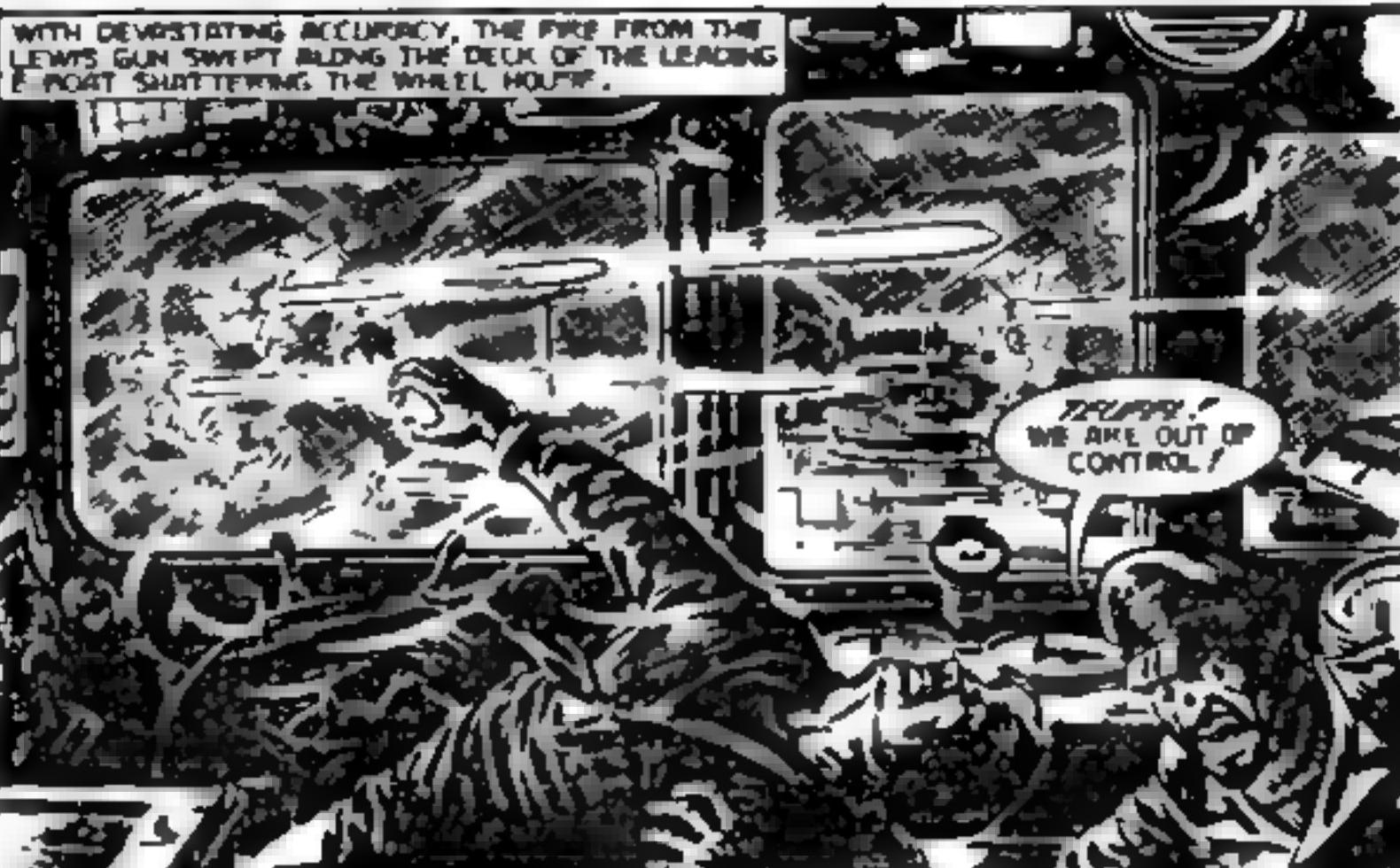
THE GUN SWUNG MENACINGLY TOWARDS THE ADVANCING ENEMY AND FROM THE COMING TOWER THE LEWIS GUNS JOINED IN THE PUFFUL CHORUS.

THAT'S RIGHT
GUNNERS - GIVE
THEM A PASTING!



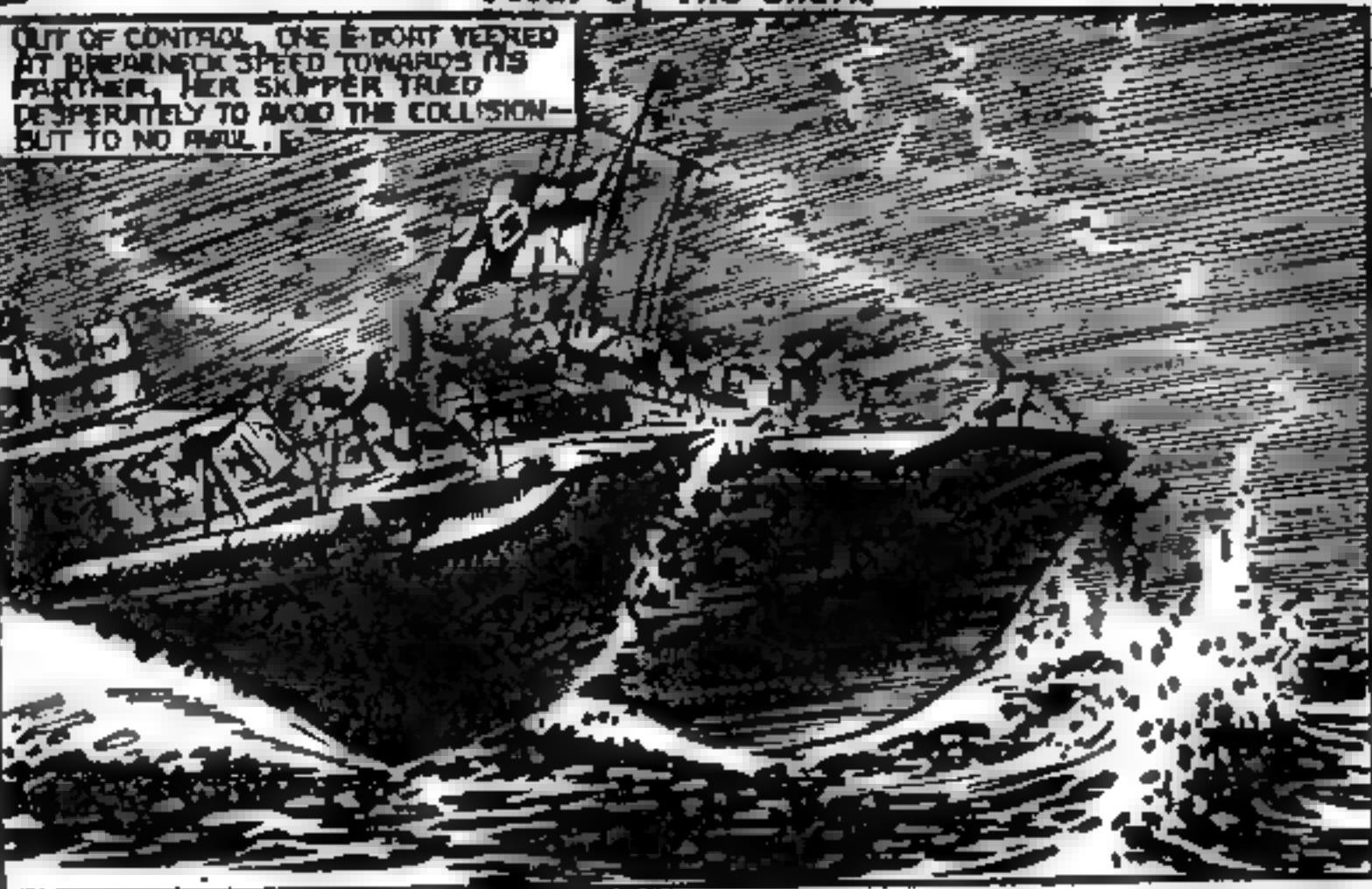
WITH DEVASTATING ACCURACY, THE FIRE FROM THE LEWIS GUN SWEEP ALONG THE DECK OF THE LEADING E-BOAT SHATTERING THE WHEEL HOUSE.

DAMN!
WE ARE OUT OF
CONTROL!



Teeth Of The Shark

OUT OF CONTROL, ONE E-BOAT VEERED AT BREAKNECK SPEED TOWARDS HIS PARTNER, HER SKIPPER TRIED DESPERATELY TO AVOID THE COLLISION—
BUT TO NO AVAIL. E-



THE CATASTROPHIC ROUT OF THE REST OF HIS
PACK DETERRED THE REMAINING NAZI CAPTAIN
FROM PRESSING HOME HIS ATTACK.

HE'S HAD ENOUGH!
WE'VE BEATEN THEM OFF,
BY THUNDER!



BUT AS THE TWO FISHMEN RAN HIGH-TAILED IT FOR HOME, TOM RUEFULLY SURVEYED THE DAMAGE THEY HAD DONE.



AND TO ADD EMPHASIS TO TOM STOREY'S WORDS THERE WAS AN URGENT SHOUT FROM THE HATCHWAY...



TOM AND REGGIE RUSHED DOWN THE LADDER, HARDLY TOUCHING THE RUNG'S IN THEIR HASTE.



Teeth Of The Shark

HURRIEDLY MAKING THEIR WAY FORWARD, TOM REALISED JUST HOW MUCH OF A BATTERING RAM THEY HAD TAKEN.

"WE CERTAINLY TOOK MORE OF A BATHING THAN WE REALISED UP TOP, CHIEF!"

"AYE, SIR,
IT'S A WONDER SHE'S STILL ALIVE,
IF YOU ASK ME."

JUST BEFORE THEY REACHED THE FORWARD COMPARTMENT THEY WERE MET BY AN ANXIOUS CREWMAN.

"IT'S PERSON,
SIR—HE'S BEEN SHOT
IN THE LEG, SIR
TO OPEN HER UP,
SIR!"

TOM COULD NOT BE SURE HOW MUCH WATER WAS BUILT UP BEHIND THE BULKHEAD, BUT HE COULD NOT LEAVE A MAN IN THERE TO DROWN.



THE MOMENT THE COMMUNICATING DOOR WAS UNBARRED, A WAIST-HIGH WALL OF WATER HIT TOM. BUT BEFORE IT COULD SWEEP HIM OFF HIS FEET, HE WAS THROUGH THE ENTRANCE.



Teeth Of The Shark

THE DOOR SLAMMED BEHIND HIM WITH A DULL CRASH. WATER SWIRLING AROUND HIM, TOM WALKED TOWARDS THE GERMAN, WHO WAS OBVIOUSLY INJURED.



TOM HELPED THE INJURED MAN TOWARDS THE DOOR AND HAMMERED ON IT WITH HIS FIST.



Tooth Of The Shark

50

THE TWO MEN WERE ALMOST THROWN BODY-TO-GROUND THE DOUR AS IT OPENED. WILLARD HAD TO JUMPED THEM.

OH MY,
SKIPPER, HOW
GOT ME?

WITH THE INJURED TAILOR SAFELY IN THE SKIN BAY, TOM AND REGGIE WAITED IN THE AFT, IN THE EARLY LIGHT OF DAWN THE COMBAT WAS STEAMING ON AS IF NOTHNG HAD HAPPENED.

NOT BAD, OH
REGGIE? IT LOOKS
AS THOUGH JERRY
ONLY BURNT ONE
OF OUR OWNERS.

VERY NEARLY TWO
SKIPPER! IF THAT LEAK IN
THE FORWARD C TANKMENT
WAS ANY WORSE WE'D BE
AT THE BOTTOM, TOO!

Teeth Of The Shark

A SUDDEN ROAR MADE BOTH MEN LOOK UP. THREE HURRICANES FLASHED OVERHEAD. THE MALTA-BASED FIGHTERS HAD COME TO SAFEGUARD WHAT WAS LEFT OF THEIR PRECIOUS SUPPLIES!



LATER, WITH A PROUD BUT BATTERED SHARK IN THE LEAD, THE GALLANT SURVIVORS OF CONVOY P.Z. 61 LIMPED INTO GRAND HARBOUR, MALTA.

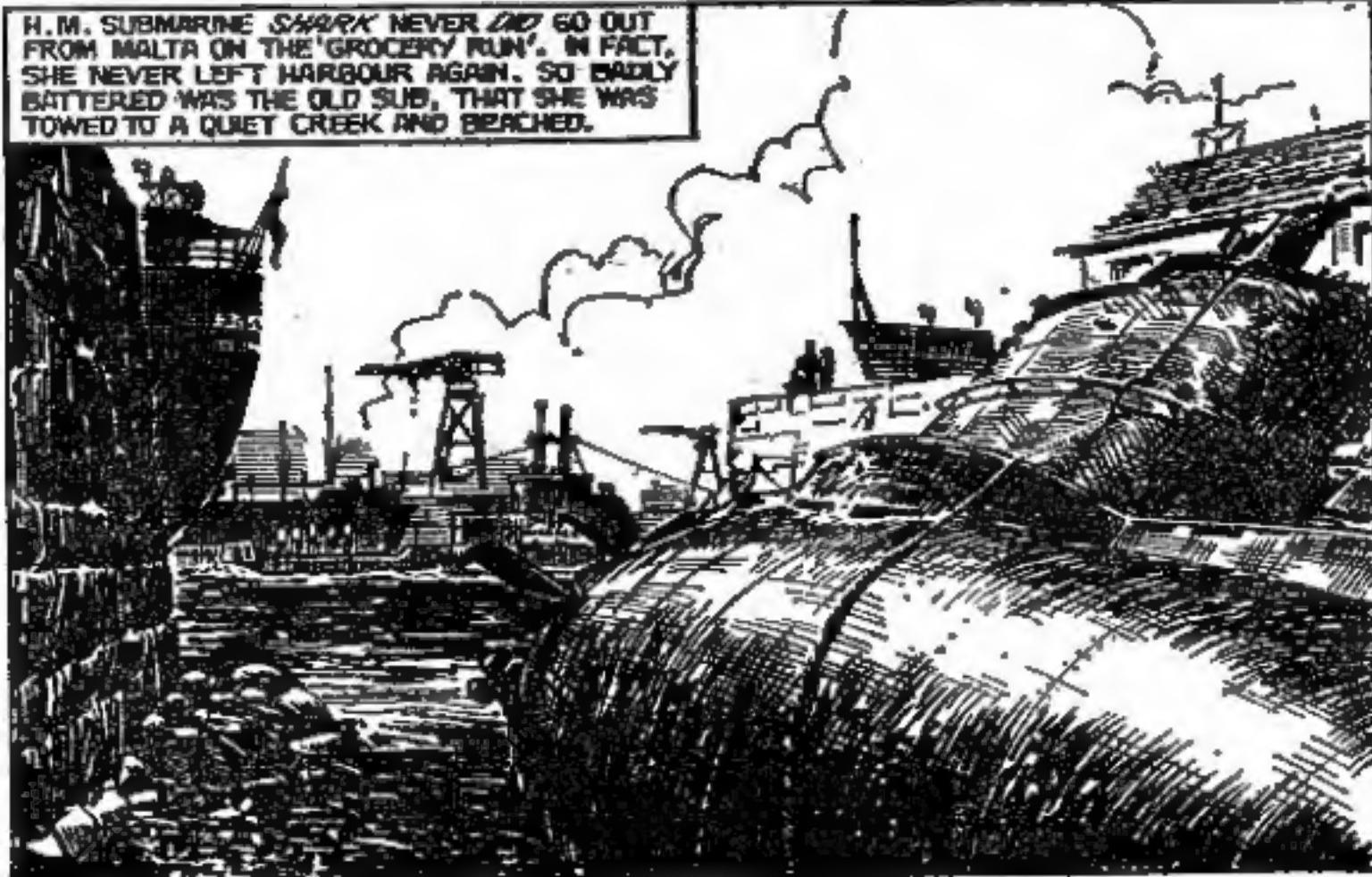


THAT NIGHT, DESPITE THE GENEROUS INVITATIONS OF THE GRATEFUL MALTA-BASED TROOPS WHO HAD HEARD THE FULL STORY OF THEIR EXPLOITS, SHARK'S CREW HELD A SMALL PARTY OF THEIR OWN.

GENTLEMEN—I AM PROUD TO HAVE YOU IN MY LITTLE BAR / FOR THE SO BRAVE SAILORS OF H.M.S. SHARK, TONI OFFERS EVERYTHING ON THE 'OUSE... NOT THAT THERE IS MUCH LEFT TO GIVE !



H.M. SUBMARINE SHARK NEVER DID GO OUT FROM MALTA ON THE 'GROCERY RUN'. IN FACT, SHE NEVER LEFT HARBOUR AGAIN. SO BADLY BATTERED WAS THE OLD SUB, THAT SHE WAS TOWED TO A QUIET CREEK AND BEACHED.



LIEUTENANT TOM STOREY WAS GIVEN COMMAND OF A NEW, WELL-EQUIPPED SUBMARINE CALLED UNBEATEN—A VERY APT TITLE, FOR CHIEFY GRIMSHAW AND MOST OF SHARK'S OLD CREW WENT WITH HIM!

THERE'S THE OLD
SHARK! NEVER BE ANOTHER
LIKE HER, EH, REGGIE?

HEAR, HEAR, SIR!
I FEEL THAT SHE BRINGS US LUCK,
SEEING HER AT THE START AND
FINISH OF EVERY PATROL.

ME, TOO,
SIR!

FAR FROM PUNISHING TOM STOREY, COMMANDER HENRY JACKSON SHARP HAD DONE HIM A GREAT FAVOUR BY PROVIDING HIM WITH A STEPPING-STONE TO A FIGHTING SUBMARINE AND A FIRST-CLASS CREW.

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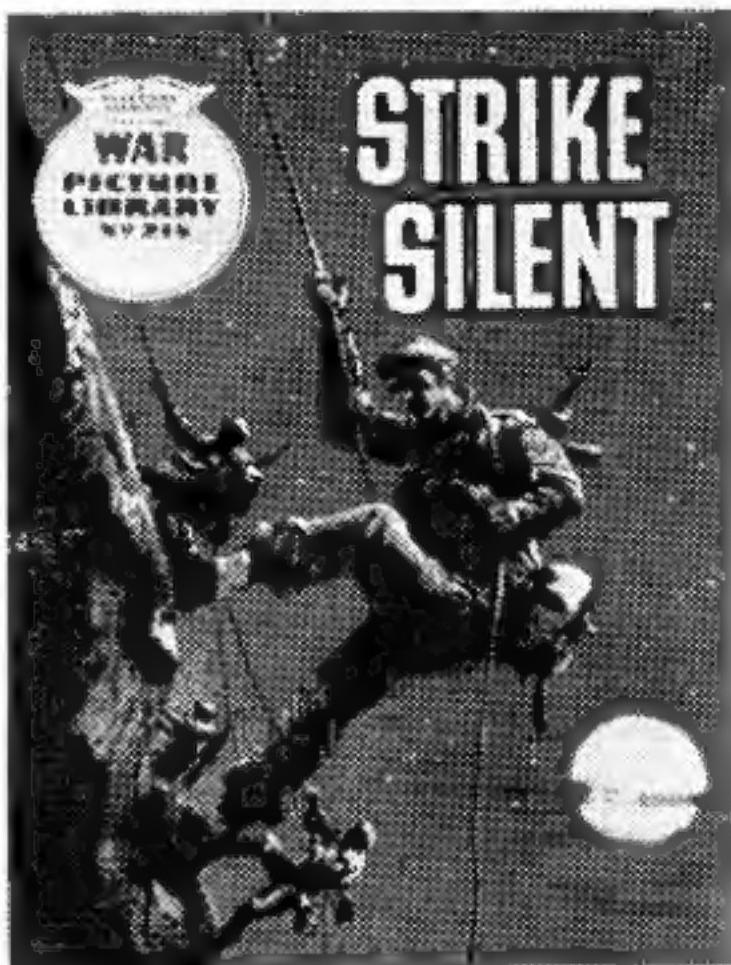
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